

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1932

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Containing Lyrics and The Grange
Poems by EUGENE BOZART



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Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

THORNWELL JACOBS, JAMES E. ROUTH and ROBERT LESEUR JONES, *Editors*
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LOST GODDESS

I think of you sometimes as one,
Fortunate in oblivion.

How shall I follow, by what ruse
Run after you with winged shoes?

How shall I find that Xanadu
Where dwells the enigmatic you?

How scale some peak to cry aloud
Your lovely name against a cloud?

By what inquisitive ascent,
Follow the lunar path you went?

This local universe is still,
The palace of the daffodil;

The valley of the rose, the glen
Where the arbutus burns again.

*I think of you sometimes as one,
Fortunate in oblivion.*

Hostile, withdrawn, serene, remote,
The dark pressed in against your throat.

—HAROLD VINAL

DARK EPISODE

Among the pines and white-washed shacks
Move banded forms of sullen blacks
Who listen as a bloodhound tracks

Intrepid prey. A sentry stands
In a place of vantage and commands
The swinging gate, with ready hands

To seize the rifle at his side.
Never was guard so Argus-eyed
Nor camp so strongly fortified.

Never were men so black as these
Who move among the scraggly trees
Like figures carved upon a frieze.

What have the stolid culprits done?
Observe the history of one
A darkened highway and a gun—

“Hands up!” Surrendered currency—
Too dark for anyone to be
Quite certain of identity.

Weeks later in the county jail:
“Yes, he’s the man.” Defenses fail
When law and prejudice prevail.

Condemned for life! Sly circumstance,
You give a negro little chance;
But one is lucky not to dance

Upon a rope against the moon!
Time passes—three years, seven; soon
Life limps into its afternoon

Yet women travail still to find
The vengeful hearts of humankind
Will render Justice always blind.

—LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

DUST

My time for fickleness will come at last
And I shall part with this inconstant dust,
Leave April sobbing in her tinsel lust
And autumn brooding on her scarlet past.
Proud rain shall murmur at the phantom taste
Of my brief kisses turned to windy rust;
And this cool garden long for hands that thrust
These golden roses in her satin waist.

Yet, as I walk that last long road which swings
Between me and the stars, shaken with the thunder,
Harsh with the smoke and cold where dreams belong,
It shall be sweet to know my heart is under
These sparkling grasses and these warmer things
And listening to a violet's fleeting song.

—JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

VERGIL TRANSLATION

I said "It's not much fun, all by yourself,
Couldn't I try to help?" and so we took
Another lexicon down from the shelf
And bent our heads above the Latin book.
Less skill was mine than admirable intention—
Besides, I must confess that all the while
I found more interesting than case declension
The way your young mouth curved into a smile!

Arms and the Man we sang—that Trojan youth,
Of perilous land and sea, of friends and foes,
Of Dido scorned—and found the tale no older
Than our own times; nor Latin verbs, in truth,
One whit so dull as people might suppose,
Who never scanned them thus, shoulder to shoulder!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE MOUNTAIN

We parted, and the mountain closed again.
But we would meet and circumstances stay
The Himalayan barriers that dismay
Our climbing up and over to the plain
Where we, forgetful of all else, had lain
Together in the night, and in the day
Redoubled our caresses to delay
The avalanche—when nothing would remain.
The uncleft mountain looms, your letters glow,
And fires of old are kindled in my heart,
Burning a flame alternate dim and bright.
But now my spirit wearied, leaning low,
Walks in the evening dew alone, apart
Lie one who sought the sun and found the night.

—JOHN LEE HIGGINS

PRIMORDIAL

Black cliffs in the elemental cosmos,
Singing the primeval, the loneliness,
Like tundra wolves, melodious,
Infinitely echoing.

Fire, on glacial stone,
In whirled saffron, infuriate,
And red pyramids splinter the night.

Into the glow, from deep moss
Velvet green, two figures rise:
Blond skined, erect, naked,
Man and woman.

Deep bones—slim hips;
Cone breasts—wide thighs.

And over all, the night-god
Swinging from the moon crescent,
Idling to and fro in the silence.

—JOHN LEE HIGGINS

ATTEND THIS MUSIC

Hold for a moment in responsive hands
This poem out of mood abruptly spoken;
Here is a jewel gathered from the sands:
Oh, take it as my token!

You can accept from me no other gifts
Of more intrinsic estimate; but hear it
And be restored by that strange strength which lifts
All shadow from the spirit!

Attend this music; soon our perfect sense
May dissipate, our eagerness be stricken:
While yet we seek our full magnificence,
Let the cold heart quicken

—CARL JOHN BOSTELMAN

CAMP MEETING EXPERIENCES

I still recall with impious glee
One ancient's keen emotional spree,

As weaving in the candle flare,
That spun a halo of his hair,

Confessed temptations, slighting none,
That seemed to daze his tall grandson.

With zest he trailed his broken wing—
Vicarious adventuring—

Down paths we knew had never been,
Where no man found such varied sin.

No doubt his guardian angel smiled;
So might romance a pent-up child.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

YOUNG GIRL

She leaned far out above the gate,
And all the evening seemed to wait

Expectant of some deep surprise
To match the wonder in her eyes.

With startled face, intent and white,
She caught a whisper through the night:

The lyric of a distant bird,—
But that was not the voice she heard.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

MISTAKEN GLORY

Day has brought her faggots in
For a sun-forgotten sky:
Asks a taper from her King
Riding proudly by:

“With what majesty the Sun
Paints the heavens!” hear them say.
Know they not that flame-spun gold
Is the faggot fire of Day?

—LEWIS COLWELL

AVAILABLE

My soul will be a poem mailed to God,
When I shall die,
The Editor of vast “Eternity.”
And underneath the newly rounded sod,
Where I shall lie,
No letter of rejection, reaching me,
Will bring the old and bitter pain all poets learn
God, loving poetry, will not return
A soul.

—WALTER R. ADAMS

THE APRIL SEEKER

He shall go up and down the world's ways,
In light and dark lands, and where the quays
Of fisher-towns are fingers in the water,
Wildly to snare that wisdom he is after.

Something drowned in April's well of wind
Swims just beyond his groping hand.
Loving, he mimicks the vernal season—
Dowered with a desire beyond reason
To conjure spring, makes his body another
Branch of April, and his darling mother.

But fondling the fruit of his body's plunder
Only fires, and multiplies, his wonder.
No: to mock an April's angel it is not.
It is a trick the sod has somehow got
From clouds that freight the shattered lakes
On silver shoulders to the heron brakes.

He walks in woods where no man passes,
Pressing his lip and ear against the grasses;
Unbends his body to the windy dance,
Embracing all of April's countenance
With knuckles white, pleading to know
The riddle of the resurrected bough.
And what does he hear for all his pain?—
Only the wind, the noisy mirth of rain.
And so he sprawls and weeps away the night
While herons laugh upon his plight.

He shall go up and down the world's ways,
In light and dark lands, and where the quays
Of fisher-towns are fingers in the water,
Wildly to snare that wisdom he is after.
Pray that death demures its harvesting
Till his blood be done with April-questioning.
For what has he heard through all his pains?—
Only the wind, the noisy mirth of rain.

—HAROLD KERR

TO E. H.

(On Reading Ernest Hartsock: an Appreciation
by Benjamin Musser)

*However burnished-gold your hair,
Or heaven-blue your poet's eyes,
However crystal clear as air
The sense of wonder in your wise
And beauty-hungry mind, a day
Dawned when no longer could avail
That prison of the spirit, clay,
To bind you in its slow travail.*

II.

*But April's little ecstasies
Are still in memory of you:
The pain of all awakening trees,
The beaded clarity of dew,
The jewelled silver of the rain
While you are one with that high wonder
Men may sense but not attain,—
Keen as light, and deep as thunder!*

—EDITH FULTON

HE WHO FELL

I never see him, but I think of her
Who was his wife these long dead years ago.
I catch the splendor of her form, the glow
That lit her eyes, the frankincense and myrrh
Her spirit breathed forth in the days that were
Of all days under heaven best to know,
When all of us beheld her beauty grow,
Before he came and made her pulses stir.

I see him and I hate him In his eyes
I read of one who entered Paradise,
But bartered heaven for a glimpse of hell
He crushed her love as one would crush a worm,
Partly through blindness, more to see her squirm
I cannot hate him It was he who fell.

—ELIOT KAYS STONE

I SING OF THE LAND

I sing of the land, of the steadfast land!
Of the grain that is garnered, the fruit that is plucked;
Of the red clay, the hilltops, the crystalline sand,
Of the trees and the bushes where bird-nests are tucked.

I have heard and have read of the lure of the sea,
How it clutches the heart, how it cozens the head;
But its call and its glamor can never lure me,
For it tosses and tumbles and worries its dead.

So when I am weary and longing for rest,
I'll seek no wild ocean or inlet or strand,
But creep to the heart of the friend I love best,
My kind foster mother, the red-blooded land.

—DAISY ARNOLD MAUDE

SWORDS

March is a sheath full of blades—
The keen thrust of the wind, the blue edge of hills,
A piercing beauty of beechen-glades
That austere spring distils;

Slim poinards of new wheat,
A stream glittering past the mills—
A rapier of spent joy, poignant and fleet—
Weapons of hyacinths and daffodils.

—SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING

SATISFACTION

Oh you have seen great saffron moons
On seas near old Bombay,
And you have glimpsed gay water falls
In mountains of Cathay;
You may have watched in quaint Japan
Pale cherry blossoms blow
But here I've seen a cardinal
Against a bank of snow!

—HOPE RIDINGS

BETRAYED

Silent she stands; her cool, deep eyes
No longer search for dawn-lit skies.
Before her sweeps a storm-spent sea,
Quiet and gray, eternally.

Dream galleons, with rare jewelled store,
Lie wrecked against a cliff-bound shore
Above them circle wild sea-birds,
Eager, like her once flying words.

—ELLEN M. CARROLL

TOLL PAID

Tornadic storms have swept my heart,
Great winds have torn my dreams apart.

I have faced mornings, bleak and gray,
Strewn with the wreck of yesterday.

I have stood under noon-day's fire,
Watching Hope burn upon her pyre.

I have been lost in twilight's gloom,
Alone forgotten, in a room.

I have known nights, stark, bitter, black,
Hyenas. . . . laughing at my lack.

All these have had their hours, and, passed;
I am indifferent at last.

—ELLEN M. CARROL

TO A VIOLIN

Now the deep forest no celestial lyre
Shall need forevermore, since the heart
Of the flamed maple, wrought with delicate art,
The master's hand invokes seraphic fire,—
A voice worn golden with the long desire
Of Time for Beauty, whose sweet ravishment
Yields its enchanted memories, forspent
With grief that rapture must so soon expire.

O Voice, dream-haunted with all mortal woe,
Or tremulous with the lilt of ecstasy,
Hush the wild wailing underneath your bow,
Lest I should share your moon-pale agony.
Tell me not all the loveliness you know,
Lest my heart break, seeking what may not be.

—LILY PETER

BABYLON

All the dim Chaldean hosts
Still return like hungry ghosts
In the night, to sing and sup
On their ruins—touch the cup
To the empty cistern's brink
Where the lizards crouch and blink.

Echoes of their strangled mirth
Vibrate in the desert earth
With compelling harmony—
But we must not question why
It was ordered that they die
When their helpless gods were thrust,
With their temples, in the dust,
For our pious teachers state
They deserved a sterner fate.

(One could still be true to duty
And admit they fostered beauty!)

When Manhattan's walls shall lie
Twisted rust beneath the sky
And a saner, better race
Has possessed our dwelling place,
Will some wise inspired pen
Record us all as sinful men
And in weighty tomes declare
We deserve no tear or prayer?

—JESSIE YOUNG NORTON

BEING A FOOL

Being a fool, I can with so much charm
Do foolish things. I have a clever touch:
I make you laugh with me, and so disarm
You, whom I fear a little; love so much.
Oh, but I am not blind! Too well I see
How soon I weary you, and, awkwardly,
I ape your wisdom's calm and lovely grace,
The sweet serenity upon your face.
I do presume indeed, beyond my place:
So firmly is my love held that I trace
Imagined admiration in your eyes.
Being a fool, I yearn so to be wise,
I quite forget that I must play a part,
Or lose the fool's place, even, in your heart.

—SUSAN PENTREATH

TAXIDERMIST

Go down the breast with knife and strip away
The flesh from bone along the leg and wing,
The tail and back. Turn inside out the skin;
Pull over neck in sweater fashion; then
Sweep clean the skull and add a bit of clay
To hold the eyes of glass, and substitute
For body straw and cotton. Now the thing
Remains forever bird, sans flight, and mute.
Once stuffed, a bird or thing is permanent:
The mouth is quiet and the hunger fed
Forever and the body clothed, and spent
The toil of life—the taxidermist said,
Soliloquizing, in his hands a knife,
And insane mind and eyes fixed on his wife.

—MAX AUBREY GOODLEY

SKELETONS

(Seen in the Mesa Verde National Park Museum)

These twisted forms, where parched and shrunk skin
Encircled bones that once knew flesh and flame,
Lie here in glass as remnants of the men
Who walked these trails before Columbus came.
These cliff homes prove that once they labored here;
And left these scattered links in history's chain,
Concealed in mystery time can not clear
Nor tongues, that have known death too long, explain.

They left no written language, yet their arts
Resound with voices caught in clay and stone;
And each deserted kiva here imparts
A note of ancient music deep in tone;
And poems painted by this Vanished Race,
Reflect a beauty to each mummied face.

—MAUDE E. COLE

SOUL POISON

Always to walk the middle way—
And never to explore
A hidden spring, whereat one may
Refresh the heart once more;

Never to climb the mountain height
And feel the blue sky near;
Never to hear the cry at night
Of sea-waves, roaring near!

But always following the way
Complacent people tread,
Would turn my heart to lifeless clay!
Then would my soul be dead!

—RUTH SWETLAND KANE

THE SHADOW

The pale old moon lay flat in the sky.
A buzzard circled it twice, slid by,
Spread a dark fringed wing across the moon,
And blotted it out from the face of noon.

Swiftly to earth I dropped my eyes,
Unwilling to read the sign in the skies;
Then down a tree trunk by the river
I felt a wing's dark shadow quiver.

The moon is gone and the noon is past.
How long in the mind does a shadow last?

—MARION E. BEECHER

STOWAWAY

Zeppelin, 1929

Rash boy! ilke some sure-footed denizen
Of swaying limb, that walks the forest trees
And fears not height or dark, you waited; then
Swinging fro mrope to rib with reckless ease,
To disappear into the monstrous maw,
They saw you, insignificant and black,
Sway and alight, a sudden, moving flaw
Developed in the ship's pale, mammoth back.

That shout! It was the prick that burst your dream.
Unseeing and unseen you rode the air.
Was this the climax of the golden scheme
That had enticed from biscuit and eclaire?

Yet at your bread-trough I can hear you boast,
Envied by some who may have scorned you most.

—ELEANOR STEPHENS

THE WAITING

So much is there to vision now, so much
To ponder while my road draws surely near
Its ending, its beginning. Let no fear
Harass the slow, prophetic hours! I touch
These small enchanting garments . . . and a song
Is somewhere wakened, like an echo tossed
Against the very sky, but never lost,
Never forgotten. Now I shall be strong;
I shall find certatin courage given through
The strength of him I love, who shares with me
This pulsing miracle that is to be.
How strange, of all we ever dreamed or knew,
Of all our world, to claim so large a part,
Oh, little thing that stirs beneath my heart!

—CATHERINE PARMENTER

DEFINITION

A lyric is a silver laughter
Brighter than the rest;
It is a joy coming after
Pain has oppressed.

A lyric is a sudden cry
From hurts that rend apart;
It is a thing to satisfy
The broken heart.

—BARON SIMEON ROBOTSKY

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ROBERT LESEUR JONES

Rip Tide, by William Rose Benét (Duffield & Green, New York).

Without any danger of exaggeration, one can say that William Rose Benét's narrative poem *Rip Tide* is one of the finest long poems written in America in recent years. It has genuine intensity, a quality so very often lacking in modern narrative poetry, and it betrays on every hand the touch of one who knows exactly what he is doing. I had been so foolish as to believe that Benét had written out, that he had exhausted his inspiration, but *Rip Tide* played havoc with my conviction. The theme of the story, which has the element of drama necessary for intensity, is old in literature. Stripped of details, it is the story of an illegitimate son who became enamoured of his sister, both of whom were unaware of their relation. If there is any matter that invites serious criticism in the story, that matter is the ending, which frees the author from the chains of an unpleasant situation.

Bright Harbor, by Daniel Whitehead Hickey (Henry Holt, New York).

One of the first ideas that most of us learn in connection with poetry is that the poet makes of life what most of us wish it to be, and that the average man looks upon life as it actually is. Perhaps most of us still believe this asservation to be true, but the fact remains that most of us see life differently, see everything differently, in fact; and then arises the question as to who really does see life as it is. The midget Steinmetz had visions of what electricity could do for people; his attitude was not that of the average man, yet he foresaw what the world of electricity would be like today. Thus have many other great intellects forseen new developments in the universe. In short, it seems much more safe to state that the great scientists, the great engineers, and the great poets know better what life really is than the average man.

It was with this matter of who knows life as it is that I have read Daniel Whitehead Hickey's *Bright Harbor*. Conceeding certain flaws in Hickey's work and realizing at the same time his inadequacy on occasions, I believe nevertheless that his insight into beauty is quite remarkable. His insight into life strikes me as correct. There are those cynical souls whom we find everywhere that will carp, that will discover suddenly his lack of "sheer power," his need of other things, but the fact remains that he knows beauty, a quite sufficient fact. He is a young poet, certainly, one to whom we have looked for something good,

and perhaps *Bright Harbor* is satisfactory to those of us who have watched him.

Hickey has the fault of many young writers—that of repeating his best ideas; he is given to diluting his poems; and oftentimes he is on the verge of sentimentality. However, his latest and best poems are almost entirely free from such discrepancies, and they are indisputably fine. His contribution to poetry lies mostly in the future, but with the gifts he has demonstrated in *Bright Harbor*, there is little doubt that he will make his contribution.

Night Song, by Roydon Burke (Bruce Humphries, Boston).

Night Song shows in Roydon Burke the virtues of sincerity and consistency of idea; but its vices are numerous. The author clears his deck and orders full speed ahead on the assumption that so long as a poet has an idea he is at liberty to flout it from the highest mast. Such a method is quite commendable as long as the author has sufficiently armed himself with the proper devices, but Burke has not done so, and the going will be difficult until he catches on. What Mr. Burke requires most of all, I think, is the spirit of adventure. His material is frankly Victorian, his methods poor, but not necessarily intolerable. One admires his forthright honesty and a certain success he has in putting down his ideas quietly and simply, without setting up a shouting that calls upon God, Julius Caesar, and W. J. Bryan to witness his travail.

Pot-Bellied Gods, by Robert D. Abrahams (Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia).

The title of Mr. Abrahams new volume indicates quite adequately the nature of his material. The book aims at what the author calls the "leaders of mean" a relentless fire of sarcasm and bitter wit, though why he uses such a method of reviling his acknowledged superior is not clear, unless Mr. Abrahams is a young man. Rarely have I seen so strong a book come from the presses of the conservative Dorrance and Company, Publishers, Drexel Building, Philadelphia. The book is essentially interesting. Its author was not too fastidious, and as a result one finds any number of meaty passages that serve well to make the book as a whole more emphatic. Mr. Abrahams admits readily that there is no poetry in the volume, but in that claim he is mistaken—there is some.

Storm Signals, by Beaumont S. Bruestle (Dorrance & Co.).

Unfortunately, the author has assumed the attitude that people will be naturally interested in his most trivial personal affairs, no matter how carelessly he writes them down. Such has been the mistake of a great many poets since the world began, a great many unremembered poets, one might add. But the author in this case has possibilities; his

phrasing is rather good sometimes and his technique is not irretrievably poor. His greatest error is his attitude, which can be changed.

Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock, donated by Cora Smith Gould—\$25 prize for the best poem in each issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*." The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award is hereby made to Anderson M. Scruggs, of Atlanta, Ga., for his poems entitled "Autumn Again" and "Supreme Lover."